General info
Name/Alias:Zéphirien Maňuška
Age:eternally 15?
Gender: masc leaning
Pronouns: they/them
Race/Ancestry:Sah
Alignment: true neutral
Important personality traits: pacifist,nervous wreck,rambler (when given the chance,though rare),enamoured by literally anything
Likes: metalworks,the stars,puns,plays
Dislikes:crowds,being ganged up on,being looked at for long periods
Family members: Loveno-Father][Deceased] Mother[Deceased] Sister[Deceased]
Place of residence:south coastline of Mashariki,the clock tower sits in a meadow a decent hour or 2 away but still visible to the closest settlement.

Appearance (Either type out below, attach an image, or both)
Hair color, length, & type/style: thin black twists frame their face as bangs,they droop down to their neck while the rest are bundled up tightly in the back.
Skin color: dressed in a white linen wrapping,some parts muddied with red.Some sections are uneven and lumpy,a clear sign of inexperienced,desperate work.
Eye color: hazy eyes, a washed out pink protea colour.
Build: A thin,gaunt body-most muscle has been lost overtime.They stand at a firm 5’10 making them appear quite lanky.
Tattoos/piercings: none
Distinguishing features:other than their undead nature? Probably the coffin on their back.

Abilities
Class/role/career: clockworker (works in a clocktower),blacksmith on the occasion
Starting weaponry/armor/magic items: Knuckle blades gifted to them by their father
Strengths: quick,really good at dodging/evading
Weaknesses:frail,weak, no one exactly breaks into a clocktower now do they?
Magic user (yes/no) & type: no
Special abilities outside the usual: Metallurgy

Backstory:
Zéphirien travelled as a child,hand in hand with their father.There'd been nights where he was too sad to play games with them but it was fine,dad had emotions too.It was awfully lonely,travelling alone with a grief stricken father as they'd come to find out.There would rarely be repercussions for talking out loud,for making their existence feel a little more real.

On their fifteenth birthday, they shared a toast with father, he had smiled so painfully and hugged them so tightly.The cups were left besides them on the cliff’s edge as

Loveno,father,told them the truth about maman and sister . Murdered, the both of them,the house smelt so strongly of their blood that father had chosen to leave,even for a little while and they were not to be left alone,that would be too much.In the pale moon's gaze,a stranger's hand forced them over the cliff and into the murky depths with a stab wound.

Then they'd woken up years in the future,curled in someone's cold embrace.Startled, Zéphirien hit the body in the jaw with their head,watching as it falls.A pair of knuckle blades protruded out of his chest,a letter sits in his open palm. They flinched back at the sight of their hands,ones wrapped in white,some parts stained red with father's blood. They opened it with one of the blades, the paper was full of apologies.Pulling out the other blade and stashing the letter away,they picked up the body and stringed it over their back to get to the closest settlement in one piece.

They settled in the town temporarily,a druid mortician named Chioma offered to house them and set them up with a coffin. A blacksmith “Ntoju” (Chioma’s wife) taught them metallurgy while Zéphirien took an interest in clocks, taking commissions for both clocks and weapons. Another day in town rolled in,this time accompanied by the rumour of an abandoned clock tower by the coast. They closed up shop and gathered their things,setting off to find it. A baseless rumour that became true,they settled in. Fixing up its clock,the tower itself was a mystery filled with all sorts of goods an average wouldn’t know the names of.